

And the shadows took possession of the house and of all that he had, and haunted it until the time came when they should follow him and find him.

And the village prospered, and memories of the man's good deeds came and lived with the priest, and helped him in his work.

Now, when the story was finishing I had bowed my head upon my hands in pity of the Castaway, and when I looked up I was alone.

‘ DER BÜCHERBUND.’

BY ELSA D'ESTERRE-KEELING.

XII.

LUTHER: HIS PREDECESSORS, CONTEMPORARIES, AND SUCCESSORS.

It has been pointed out* that no sooner did prose make its appearance in German literature than a demand was made for literature more edifying than the mere tale. Preachers were called upon to provide, not only for listeners, but for readers. Master *Eckhart*, a good monk of *Augsburg* in the early fourteenth century, having won distinction for himself as doctor of theology, as preacher and teacher, in Paris, Cologne, and Strassburg, was of those who spoke and wrote. Among his disciples was *John Tauler*, of Strassburg, one of the most mystical of preachers in an age of mysticism. His beautiful book, *How to Follow the Poor Life of Christ*, is still read. Here is a quaint bit from one of his sermons.†

Man findet Leute, die haben also viele wunderliche Anfectungen und Bekümmernisse, gleich als ob der Rhein durch sie flösse, derothalben sie nimmermehr Stille oder Ruhe in ihrem Herzen haben können; denn, geben sie sich zu Zeiten auswendig zu Ruhe, und wollten gern stille sein, so haben sie doch inwendig so viele Gedanken und Bekümmernisse wie ein Baum, der voller Blätter in dem Winde steht und nicht still sein kann.

We find people that have such wondrous strife and struggling, 'tis just as if the Rhine were flowing through them, wherefore they never may have calm or quiet in their hearts; for, though they lay themselves outwardly to rest betimes, and would fain be still, yet inwardly they have so many troublous thoughts, 'tis like a tree that standeth in the wind, full of leaves, and may not be quiet.

Tender and quaint as *Tauler* is *Geiler von Kaisersberg*, a preacher of the Reformation days, who preceded Luther to the grave. He it was who likened a good Christian to a *Häseln*

* Bücherbund X:

† The German is somewhat modernised.

(little hare), as a creature that runs uphill more quickly than downhill, as a creature with long ears (good for hearing), and so on. The odd comparison is elaborately worked out. *Geiler* had a sharp wit, too, as is shown in his derivation of "*Bischof*" (bishop) from "*Beiss-schaf*" (bite-sheep). His most famous sermon is that based on Brant's *Narrenschiff*.*

Such were a few of the men who preceded Luther. They were Germans, and they were writers; they are, however, primarily interesting as preachers, and as literary men hold a subordinate position. This is not the case with Luther, who is equally great, whether we view him as reformer of his country's religion, or as reformer of his country's language; whether we view him as preacher or as literary man. In his translation of the Bible, accomplished single-handed in thirteen years,† he laid the foundation of a new language—of modern literary German, *Neuhochdeutsch*. With all its faults‡ this translation of the Bible is as dear to Germans as to us our "Authorised Version," and, though in Germany, as in England, Revised Versions have been made, still the version of Luther retains deservedly the place of honour. In the space allowed me here it is impossible to do justice to it. The following few texts are chosen almost at random. Let the reader study them for himself in the German of Luther and in the English of our Bible of 1612:—

Ps. i. 1.—Wohl dem, der nicht wandelt im Rath der Gottlosen, noch tritt auf den Weg der Sünder; noch sitzt, da die Spötter sitzen.

Ps. ii. 1.—Warum toben die Heiden, und die Leute reden so vergeblich?

Ps. iii. 1.—Ach, Herr, wie sind meiner Feinde so viel, und setzen sich so viele wider mich.

Ps. i. 1.—Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

Ps. ii. 1.—Why do the Heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?

Ps. iii. 1.—Lord, how are they increased that trouble me?§ Many are they that rise up against me.

* Bücherbund XI.

† 1521—1534.

‡ They are not many. Though as a translation it is not always entirely accurate, still it is acknowledged to be, on the whole, singularly faithful. It is especially meritorious as being based, not on the Latin Vulgate, as were the translations which preceded it, but on the original texts. As regards the German employed in it, it is an exquisite instance of the happy medium, and Luther boasted, not unjustifiably, that Highlander and Lowlander alike must understand it.

§ Revised version "mine adversaries!" Note that Luther, in word and punctuation, has the advantage of the English translation.

Besides his translation of the Bible, Luther wrote a vast number of treatises on dogma, carried on an extensive correspondence with princes, scholars, and friends, and, above all, gave Germany beautiful hymns. It is a mistake to think, however, that his were the first German hymns. In the second half of the fourteenth century a Benedictine monk living at *Salzburg* (hence known as "the Monk of Salzburg") gave his countrymen some admirable "*geistliche Lieder*." His example was followed by *Heinrich von Laufenberg*, a priest of the Swiss town of *Freiburg*, living in the beginning of the fifteenth century. There had even been hymnists among the old *Minnesänger*. The love which was their theme was, as has already been pointed out,* of a three-fold kind—love of woman, love of country, love of God. There is much sweetness in some of the pre-Lutheran hymns. Here is a veritable love-hymn, quite charming, and ending quaintly in '*minniglich*':—

Himmelreich, ich freu mich dein,
Dass ich da mag schauen
Gott und die liebe Mutter sein,
Unser schönen Frauen,
Und die Engel mit den Kronen,
Die da singen alle schone;
Dess freu'n sie sich!
Gott der ist so minniglich.†

Heavenly realm, I joy in thee!
When my time is ready,
God and his mother I shall see,
Our beloved Lady;
And the angels round her winging,
Crown'd all with gold, and singing,
Most sweet to hear!
God above, he is so dear.

Sometimes the old hymn is a medley of Latin and German, as in this bit of doggerel, styled Christmas song:—

In dulci Jubilo,
Nun singet und seid froh!
Unsers Herzens Wonne
Liegt in presaepio;
Und leuchtet wie die Sonne
Matris in gremio?
Alpha es et O,
Alpha es et O!

In dulci jubilo,
Now sing and banish woe!
What stills all repining
Lies in presaepio.
See ye the sun not shinin
Matris in gremio?
Alpha es et O,
Alpha es et O!

At times it is a ballad, as in the curious song which follows:—

Es wollt' gut Jäger jagen,
Wollt' jagen auf Himmels Höh'n,
Was begegnet ihm auf der Heiden?
Maria, die Jungfrau schön.

A huntsman there went hunting,
A-hunting from Heaven's height,
Who met him riding, think ye?
Our Lady, the Virgin bright.

* See Bücherbund V.

† Of course here somewhat modernised. The first line in the old German runs:—"Himmelriche, ich frowe mich din."

Der Jäger, den ich meine,
Der ist uns wohl bekannt,
Er jagt mit einem Engel,
Gabriel ist er genannt.

Der Jäger blies in sein Hörnlein,
Es lautet also wohl ;
"Gegrüsst seist du, Maria,
Du bist aller Gnaden voll.

Gegrüsst seist du, Maria,
Du edle Jungfrau fein,
Dein Leib soll dir gebären
Ein kleines Kindelein.

Dein Leib soll dir gebären
Ein Kindlein ohn' einen Mann,
Das Himmel und die Erde
Einstmals zwingen kann."

Maria, die viel reine,
Fiel nieder auf ihre Knie,
Dann bat sie Gott vom Himmel,
"Dein Will' gesheh' allhie.

Dein Will' der soll geschehen,
Ohn' Pein und sonder Schmerz."
Da empfing sie Jesum Christum

Unter ihr jungfräulich Herz.

The following, too, is probably old :—

In Mitten der Nacht
Die Hirten erwacht
In Lüften hör'n klingen,
Das Gloria singen
Die englische Schar—Schar—
Dass Gott geboren, ist wahr.

Die Hirten im Feld
Verliessen ihr Zelt
Sie können kaum schnaufen
Vor Rennen, es laufen
Der Hirt' und der Bub'—der Bub'
Dem Krippelein zu.

Ach, Vater, schau, schau !
Was finden wir da ?
Ein herziges Kindlein
Auf schneeweissen Windlein ;
Dabei sind zwei Thier'—zwei Thier'
Ochs, Esel, allhier !

The huntsman that went hunting,
Ye know him all full well ;
He hunteth with an angel,
His name is Gabriel.

The huntsman blew on his bugle,
And thus he sang or said :
"All hail to thee, O Mary,
A blessing on thy head.

All hail to thee, O Mary !
Thou Virgin pure and mild,
Thy body it shall bear thee
A little spotless child.

Thy virgin body, Mary,
Shall bear a child to thee,
And all the earth and heaven
To him shall subject be."

Then Mary, that pure maiden,
Upon her knees did fall,
And cried to God in heaven
"Thy will be done in all !

Thy will be done, O Father,
For very good thou art."
Then conceived she Christ the
Saviour,
Under her virgin heart.

In midst of the night
The shepherds see light,
Sweet voices hear ringing,
The Gloria singing.
Their voices sound near—near
That God is born now, is clear.

The shepherds upstart
And forthwith depart,
They run till they stumble,
They run till they tumble,
Both father and son—aye, son
To Bethlehem run.

O, father, look round,
I something have found,
A dear little stranger
Lies here in the manger ;
Beside it, O, see—O, see !—
Ox,—ass,—can it be ?

Dabei zieht sich auch
Eine schöne Jungfrau'n
Sie thät sich bemühen
Beim Kindlein zu knieen
Und betet es an—an !
Ei, Brüderl, schau's an !

u. s. w.

And father, O, rare !
A virgin most fair,
A beautiful lady,
Kneels down by the baby
And worships it too—too—
Look, brother, O, do !

—and so on.

Sometimes the note is one of triumph, as in this Christmas song :—

Ihr Hirten, erwacht,
Seid munter und lacht ;
Die Engel sich schwingen
Vom Himmel und singen.
Die Freude ist nah',
Der Heiland ist da.

Ihr Hirten geschwind,
Kommt singet dem Kind,
Blas't in die Schalmeien,
Sein Herz zu erfreuen.
Auf, suchet den Held,
Den Herrscher der Welt.

Yon shepherds, awake,
And merry now make ;
The angels are winging
From heaven and singing,
Full gladness is near,
The Saviour is here.

O, shepherds, sleep not !
Come, sing at his cot,
Sound trumpets now loudly,
Sing gladly and proudly !
Up, seek ye the Lord
Who Peace hath restored.

These words are sung to a capital "*Volksmelodie*."

Luther knew of this olden treasury of hymns, and borrowed freely from it. In his pretty Pentecost-song "*Nu bitten wir den heiligen Geist*," the first stanza belongs to the 13th century. He is not, then, Germany's first hymn-writer in time, but he is emphatically Germany's first hymn-writer in excellence.

Here are the initial lines of some of his heart-stirring Lieder :

Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott . . . [A safe stronghold our God is still. . .]
Aus tiefer Noth schrei ich zu dir† . . . [From deepmost need I cry to thee . . .]

Wir glauben all' an einen Gott . . . [We all do in one God believe . . .]
Nun freut euch, lieben Christen g'mein . . . [Dear Christians, one and all rejoice . . .]

Ach, Gott, vom Himmel sieh darein . . . [Ah, God, from Heaven look adown . . .]

Ein neues Lied wir heben an . . . [A new song let us sing to-day . . .]
Gelobet seist du, Jesu Christ . . . [To thee the praise be, Jesus Christ . . .]

* See Carlyle's sturdy translation, accompanied by the original text : *Miscellanies*, vol. iii. (Chapman and Hall).

† This hymn, and the hymns that follow, indeed all Luther's hymns, will be found in a book of the highest interest, "*Luther's Hymns, with Music*," edited by L. W. Bacon, and published by Hodder and Stoughton. The hymns are given in German and English, and are set to their original melodies.

Christ lag in Todesbanden . . . [Christ lay in death's strong fetters . . .]
Diess sind die heiligen Zehn Gebot! . . . [These are the holy Ten Com-
 mands . . .]
Es wollt uns Gott genädig sein . . . [May God unto us gracious be . . .]
Mitten wir im Leben sind [Though in midst of life we be,
Mit dem Tod umpfangen . . . [Snarcs of death surround us . . .]
Mit Fried' und Freud' ich fahr dahin . . . [In peace and joy I hence
 depart . . .]
Mensch, willst du leben seliglich . . . [Wilt thou, O Man, live happily . . .]
Gott, der Vater, wohn' mit uns . . . [God, the Father, with us stay . . .]
Vom Himmel hoch da komm' ich her . . .* [From Heaven above to Earth
 I come . . .]
Sie ist mir lieb, die werthe Magd . . . [Dear is to me the worthy maid . . .]
Vater unser im Himmelreich . . . [Our Father, which in Heaven art . . .]
Vom Himmel kam der Engel Schaar . . . [From Heaven came the Angels'
 host . . .]
Christ, unser Herr, zum Jordan kam . . . [To Jordan came our Lord, the
 Christ . . .]

These are merely the opening lines of some of the thirty and odd hymns which we have by Luther. Here is the first stanza of the most famous among them:—

Luther.	Carlyle.
Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott,	A safe stronghold our God is still,
Ein' gute Wehr und Waffen ;	A trusty shield and weapon,
Er hilft uns frey aus aller Noth,	He'll help us clear from all the ill
Die uns itzt hat getroffen.	That hath us now o'ertaken.
Der alt böse Feind,	The ancient Prince of Hell
Mit Ernst er's itzt meint ;	Hath risen with purpose fell,
Gross Macht und viel List	Strong mail of Craft and Power
Sein grausam Rüstzeug ist,	He weareth in this hour,
Auf Erd' ist nicht seins Gleichen.	On Earth is not his fellow.

What pith and power here! Listen to the congregation singing this hymn, and you will find your heart moved "more than with a trumpet," so fierce and fervent is it; as a later German poet called it, "the marseillaise of the Reformation," indeed, a *half battle*. It was *Richter* who said of Luther's words that they were half battles; *Melanchthon* said that they were thunderbolts. Sometimes the noise of them is terrible, and one feels like saying of the preacher what was said by *Philip Plantagenet* of the citizen of *Angiers*:—†

He speaks plain cannon-fire, and smoke, and bounce ;
 He gives the bastinado with his tongue.
 Our ears are cudgelled
 Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words. . . .

* Said to have been written by *Luther* for his little child *Hans*.
 † Tragedy of King John. Shakespeare.

But the "*feste Burg*" hymn is unassailable; a very *Ehrenbreitstein*, it is beautiful and strong. Coleridge, the poet exquisite, has praised it, and *Heine*, the poet exquisite, has praised it. Luther set it to a tune, and *Sebastian Bach* said, *Good*. That was two centuries later. Again a century passed, and the much abused Nineteenth Century came upon the world. The musicians still said, *Good*, of that old tune. *Mendelssohn** said so, *Meyerbeer*† said so, *Nicolai*‡ said so, *Raff*§ said so, *Wagner*|| said so.

The stories of the hymns add an interest to them. Once Luther is struck by music which belongs to a hymn by *Paul Speratus*; he writes three more hymns to be sung to that tune. Once the hymn is a ballad, and tells of "*zween junge Knaben*"—*twain young lads*—who die for their faith. One of them was called John, and the other was called Henry. It is right for us to know their names. Sometimes the hymn is a Latin one, "*gebessert durch D. Martin Luther*"—*bettered by Dr. Martin Luther*. Sometimes the hymn has for theme "*das Jesulein*"—*the little Jesus*—for the children must have hymns too. Luther knows all about the children, boys and girls, through *Hans* and *Magdalene*.¶ Even the prefaces to the hymns are wise and witty; sometimes pretty. Here is a bit of the wisdom: "I am not of opinion that all the sciences should be beaten down, and made to cease by the Gospel, as some fanatics pretend; I would fain see all the arts, and music in particular, used in the service of Him who hath given and created them." Here is a bit of the wit. He is publishing a hymn-book with *Valentine Babst* of *Leipzig*. "Inasmuch," he writes, "as this edition of *Valtin Bapst* is prepared in brave style, God grant that it may bring great hurt and damage to that Roman Bapst.**"

Very pitiful wit that, some will say, lifting the eyebrows. The lifting of the eyebrows tells a tale. Some are too hard to please. "Very rude, very uncharitable!" others will exclaim. In this 16th century there was a great rarity of Christian charity under the sun. "That Roman Bapst" was quite as little complimentary to Luther. The times were rude; and in hard battle heavy blows are given. Here is a bit of the pretti-

* *Reformation Symphony*. † *Huguenots*. ‡ *Fest-Ouverture*.
 § G Major pianoforte trio. || *Kaisermarsch*.
 ¶ The little daughter who died. Carlyle tells about it ("Hero-Worship").
 ** *Bapst* was the 16th century form of *Papst*, Pope.

ness. "We Christians," Luther* says, "should exercise and wont ourselves in faith to despise death, and look on it as a deep, sound, sweet sleep; the coffin no other than the bosom of our Lord Christ, the grave nought but a soft couch of rest." In support of these words he quotes the texts, "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth," "The maid is not dead, but sleepeth." Let any English person now read a German Bible side by side with his English one, and the book of the hymns of Martin Luther† and the booklet of his Table Talk,‡ and let him read Carlyle's short paper called Luther's Psalm§ and his long paper called "The Hero as Priest," and having read all these, and bearing in mind what this man, Luther, did in church and state, this miner's son, this monk, with hosts of priests and hosts of princes against him, let him ask himself if this was not a manly man.¶ Faultless? No. His genealogy went back to Adam, formed of the dust of the ground; the dust of the ground was in him.¶

The life of Martin Luther has been written again and again, and most people are familiar with the incidents of it. I will here, therefore, merely glance at it. He was born on November 10, 1483, at *Eisleben*, in Prussian Saxony, some twenty miles from the learned city of *Halle*, and visited the schools of *Magdeburg*, *Eisenach*, and *Erfurt*, attaining to the dignity of "magister" when a youth aged twenty. Two years later he entered the Augustinian convent of *Erfurt*, and at twenty-four years of age was ordained priest. A year after this he was called to the University of *Wittenberg*, and when he had lectured there for three years, undertook a journey to Rome. In 1512 the magister was made Doctor, and some time after was appointed preacher to the *Stadtkirche* of *Wittenberg*. The famous year 1517 was now approaching, and it was on October 31 of this year that Luther nailed to the Castle-Church of *Wittenberg* his ninety-five theses against Tetzels sale of indulgences. In October of the next year he defended his action before the feeble Lord Cardinal Cajetan, but meeting with a more skilful reasoner in his countryman, *Karl von*

* I still quote from the prefaces.

† Mentioned above.

‡ It is published by Cassell and Co. for fourpence.

§ *Miscellanies*, vol. iii. Mentioned above.

¶ "Our whole life should be manly," Luther says in his "Table-Talk."

¶ A Scotchman perhaps more reliable than Carlyle, the historian Robertson, gives an account of Luther which is singularly fair, eloquent, and sympathetic.

Miltitz, the envoy of the Pope to the Saxon Court, was by this clever tactician induced to send in a declaration of submission to the Pope. Soon after this the famous *Leipzig* disputation took place, the disputants being *Karlstadt* and *Luther* on the one hand, and *Eck* on the other. *Karlstadt* was Luther's enthusiastic convert and faithful co-operator in the work of reform; *Dr. John Eck* was the Papist who, a year later, brought from Rome the bull that condemned Luther, and which was burnt before the *Elster Gate* of *Wittenberg*. Next we meet the Reformer at *Worms*; then he is (by his friends) imprisoned in the *Wartburg*; he is excommunicated. But in 1522 he is back in *Wittenberg*. He now lays aside his cowl, and marries *Katherina von Bora*, who lays aside her veil. Illness and premature old age come on him; he is nearing his fiftieth year. The *Augsburg Confession** begins to busy his thoughts. His chief lifework was, however, now done. In 1546, aged three-score and three, he died in the town of his birth. His books are a library in themselves. As published in *Erlangen*, they form one hundred volumes. Of these sixty-seven are German.

The question arises, Who were the contemporaries of this man? Impossible to name them all. The following, however, among many, come to one's mind at once:—*Paul Speratus*, who wrote the hymn, *Es ist das Heil uns kommen her*, "To us Salvation there has come," which hymn made a lasting impression on Luther, under whose window it was sung; *Nicolaus Decius*, whose exquisite Gloria in Excelsis, *Allein Gott in der Höh' sei Ehr'* (Alone God in the heights be praised), can never be forgotten; *Ulrich Zwingli*, the Swiss reformer and hero; *Erasmus Alberus*, the satirist and hymnist; *Nicolaus Hermann*, author of the hymn beginning,

Am Freitag muss ein jeder Christ Seyn Creutz mit Christo tragen. . .	On Friday every Christian man His cross with Christ must carry. . .
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* The historic old city of *Augsburg*, in Bavaria, is associated with many events in the Reformation. Here was formed in 1555 the "Religious Peace," which secured to all Protestants full enjoyments of their rights and privileges. The "Augsburg Confession," the chief standard of faith in the Lutheran Church, was drawn up in conformity with the views of Luther, and, to some extent, under his superintendence, by *Melanchthon*, who, while composing the work, consulted, besides theologians, princes and other lay persons. The confession consists of two parts, the first containing twenty one articles on creed and dogma, the second seven articles on disputed points, such as the marriage of priests.

Valerius Herberger, whose hymn with the opening,

Abschied will ich dir geben,
Du arge, falsche Welt. . .

I'll gladly farewell bid thee,
Thou false and wicked world. . .

is well known; Bartholomäus Ringwald, who, besides writing hymns, published a work with the sensational title, *Christliche Warnung des treuen Eckharts* (A Christian Warning from the Faithful Eckhart *); Philip Nicolai, author of the Watchman's Hymn, "*Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme*" ("Wake ye up," a voice cries loudly); Michael Weisse, the Moravian, famed for the hymn, *Nun lasst uns den Leib begraben* (Let us bury now the body), of which Luther wrote that, though often attributed to him, it was not his, "and my name is henceforth not to stand with it; not that I reject it, for I like it very much, and it was made by a good poet." The "good poet" had just one fault, according to the doctor—he was "a little visionary about the sacraments." Besides these men might be named Paul Eber, Nicolaus Selnecker, Christoph Knoll, Johann Graumann, Martin Schalling, Ludwig Helmbold, all among whom wrote excellent hymns.† We even find Hans Sachs and Fischart among the hymn-writers, and Burkhart Waldis,‡ who, like Paul Melissus, his contemporary, paraphrased the Psalms, has a fine *Trost Psalm* (Consolation Psalm), the one beginning, *Wann ich in angst und nöthen bin* (In need and terror when I am). Ulrich von Hutten, nobleman and noble man, as valiant a reformer as any of the time, and perhaps the most brilliant satirist of them all—though, alas! his clever satires are all written in the Latin language—wrote many a hymn, among them that memorable one, embodying his motto, *Ich hab's gewagt*, and beginning,

Die Wahrheit ist von Neuem gborn,
Und hat der Btrug sein Schein
verlorn.

The Truth anew to us is born.
The mask from lying has been torn.

Besides sermons and hymns, proverbs formed a very popular species of literature in Reformation days. *Agricola*, as the

* The faithful Eckhart in German legends appears on the evening of Maundy Thursday to bid all persons go home lest they be harmed by the headless bodies which are abroad after dark on that day. Goethe has written a charming poem for a child, "*Der getreue Eckhart*."

† I must refer those who want to know more about these men to *Dr. Wackernagel*, who is the great authority on *Kirchenlied*.

‡ See Bücherbund XI.

German *Schnitter** calls himself, gave his country a capital collection of these. His plan was to take a wise saw, such as *Art lesst von art nicht, die Katze lesst yhres mausens nicht* (Nature will have its way; the cat will have her mouse), and tell a story illustrative of it. Thus he narrates that Solomon had a cat that lighted him to bed every night, holding the candle while the king undrest. The wisest of men maintained that training had got the better of nature in this cat. "Not so," said Marcolphus, and he let a mouse drop near the cat. A start, but nothing more. Marcolphus let another mouse drop, and then a third. This was too much for Nature. Grimalkin dropt the candle and made for the mouse. *Nature will have its way*, said Marcolphus, *the cat will have her mouse*. One likes to believe that King Solomon blushed assent, but he and Marcolphus were left in the dark, so nothing can be known on this score.

Sebastian Franck, the baptist, who died about 1545, was another industrious collector of proverbs. Under heading of *Anfang* (Beginning) he gives us the following:—*Principium dimidium totius; Begunnen ist halb gewonnen; Wol angerent ist halb gefochten; Ein iedes ding wil ein anfang haben; Ein reiss oder arbeit angefangen, ist halb thon; Das creutz gefasst, is halber last; Nim dich eines dings an, so ists halb thon*.

In a paper on Luther and his time, it would be unfair not to mention a brilliant writer of views opposed to those of the Reformer—the Franciscan monk, *Thomas Murner*, author of the strange work, *Von dem grossen lutherischen Narren* (Of the Great Lutheran Fool). There is not a weak spot in the Lutheran armour on which *Murner* in this satire does not lay his hand, nay, through which he does not drive his spear. A quotation from his *Schelmensunft* (Gild of Knaves) shall end this paper:—

Die Welt ist jetzt des Lists so voll
Wer sie überlisten soll,
Der ist von Künsten reicher Sinnen
Und muss mehr dann ich selber
kinnen. . . .

All Wahrheit liegt jetzt auf der Erd,
Wer nit umgat, der ist nit werth.

The world is now so cunning grown,
He who would it unmask alone
Must have a clever head, I trow,
And more than I know he must
know. . . .
All truth low lieth on the earth,
And liars only aught are worth;

* See Bücherbund X.

Des seind der Schmeichler also viel
Der keiner Wahrheit reden will,

Dass es leider ist eine Schand,
Dass Lügen voll seind alle Land.* . .

So much deceit is spread about
That none the truth now dares speak
out.

'Tis, certes, pitiful to see
That liars everywhere should be. . .

Lügen! (lies!) that is the terrible cry of the 16th century. Dr. Murner calls Dr. Luther a liar, and Dr. Luther calls Dr. Murner a liar. Each roars for the very disquietness of his heart. Well might the perplexed public, listening to the doctors, ask of their own hearts sadly and solemnly the question asked by jesting Pilate, *what is truth?* That question, swelling to a cry, taken up by all the nations of the North, underlies the unrest that marked this time.

Questions to be answered by Club Students:—

(First Class Paper.)

Write your views on Luther in German.

(Second Class Paper.)

Write your views on Luther in English.

(Honour Papers.)

Miss Dixon, the Misses Margaret and Mary Lloyd, Miss Maud Lloyd (translation very witty and clever), Miss Gates (a quite brilliant translation).

Books recommended for study:—

Luther's German Bible.

* Somewhat modernised.

THOUGHTS ON CLASSICAL EDUCATION.

BY J. S. MILLS, M.A.

II.

In my short article upon this subject in the August number of the *Parents' Review* I confined myself to a discussion of the position I thought appropriate to classical study relatively to other subjects of school education. I desired to transfer from classical sides numbers of boys who can be expected to derive no sort of culture from their classical studies, and I suggested that such boys need not necessarily be the dunces of the school, but might find ample scope in modern subjects for the exercise of respectable abilities. I assumed, however, that the school education of such boys would generally cease at the age of seventeen or eighteen. It has been suggested to me that I have not considered the case of a boy who feels no ability or desire for classical study, and yet intends to proceed to the University on the strength of an exclusively modern education. How is he to pay the classical toll, cross the *pons asinorum* at the entrance of the old Universities in the shape of compulsory "little-go" Greek?* A Modern Language Tripos has been established; but the road to that, as to every other, passes through the strait gate of the Greek grammar. To teachers who think, as I, that modern languages confer a high degree of culture and form a rational province of University training, an opinion endorsed by the University of Cambridge in the establishment of a Modern Language Tripos, the classical entrance test is a serious hindrance and discouragement. Latin is taught on many modern sides: public examinations—military, legal, medical—enforce it. Greek, however, is never taught there. Any boy, therefore who proposes to go to the University with

* For convenience I confine myself to the case of the University of Cambridge. I have mentioned later a difference between the cases of the two Universities on this question.